Sonnet In Late Autumn

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Her green dress traded for a cloak of brown
Which falls in whispers down the avenue,
The lady wears, in nakedness, a frown,
Her face is tanned a melancholy hue;
Her coldness harsh' caresses every cheek,
Her rising zephyr to a tempest blows,
Her grimace deepens, no more is she meek,
But tears with icy fingers through my clothes.
Her lovers swift' depart her wilderness,
Now she is friendless as a maid can be,
None willingly endure her frigidness,
The few who do, must, of necessity;
Her jaded afternoon gives way to night,
Another month, her brown cloak turns to white.